

This Is New by 13thFallenStar

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Summary: Modern day it story... Plot changes here and there but other than that I don't think it's anything major. Obviously I own nothing... That's the disclaimer.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter one

I breathe in the fresh summer air as all the kids scattered out of the school building. There was so much to do this summer, like hanging out with my friends and working at my dad's new shop, I was pretty excited. Now to find my friends which I found standing on the sidewalk in front of the school "Guuuuys.~" I called out in a sing song voice, causing the boys to turn my way. "Eden you skank I was just asking about you." Richie trashmouth Tozier grinned at me. I grinned back, the thing about me and Richie is we may be different in many ways but one thing we had in common was the fact we never knew what to say out of our mouths. "Oh Richie you know I'm only a skank on fridays." I laughed with him causing the others to shake their heads at us.

"H-hey Eden y-y-you want to come down to the barrens with us tomorrow?" Bill asks me. I frown internally knowing that Bill was still torn up about his brother Georgie who went missing back in October, just before I came to town. "Uh yeah sure why not." I reply not wanting to sound as reluctant as I felt. "Hey cheer up." Richie goes on sarcasm oozing into his voice as we begin to walk away from the school. "The barrens aren't that bad, who doesn't have fun splashing around in shitty water." and right as he finishes his sentence he was yanked from my side and flung back into Stan... Son of a bitch not now.

However luck was not on my side as Henry Bowers came into view followed by two of his goons. I watched as Patrick took Stan's kippah before somehow flinging it into a passing school bus. Had to admit it was mildly impressive. As this happened Belch burped in Eddie's face which was fucking gross and Bower mused past me and Billie with a smug ass grin on his face... Fucking prick. "Losers." was all he said as he and his friends turned to leave. "Y-you s-suck Bowers." Billy yelled in anger. Henry and his boys stopped in their tracks and turned back towards Billy not looking all that amused. I quickly put myself in Henry's path as he moved towards Billy.

"Yeah I'm gonna have to kindly ask you to back the fuck up." I sneer,

trying my damndest to look threatening at the height of 5'4 compared to his 6'0. "And what if I don't bitch," he snarled in my face. "I mean if you don't we could fight right here and now, but I don't think that's gonna work in your favor with your daddy standing right over there." I say a grin playing over my lips. I know it's an asshole thing to do considering I have a pretty good idea on how Henry's dad treats him but I don't want my friends to get beat on. He frowns and looks over my head to his father before glaring back at me. "Well my old man ain't fond of your kind, so I don't think he would mind if I took a swing at you," he says with an unhinged look starting to cloud his eyes. I swallow a little... "Yes that may be true but if anything were to happen he would be obligated to break it up, so he doesn't look like your small town racist cop... and then what." He's still glaring but backs down... Check mate bitch.

"Whatever, I don't need to waste my time on you anyway but you better watch your fucking backs. Including you Denbrough I gave you a break because of your brother but that's over, get ready to catch up on all those beatings I owe you." He growls out before walking off.

I let out a sigh of relief before turning back to my friends, "I hope you know I can't help you guys after I graduate, so please try to cut this shit down to a minimum. Please." I jokingly say as they try not to look so nervous.

~Later that day

I had split away from the gang as they had all rode their bikes home but I had walked, letting the sun beat down on my skin. I felt my phone vibrate from my back pocket and took it out. I had gotten a message.

Vic: We still on for today?

Oh right I had almost forgot since he didn't come today but I was helping him get a job at my dad's shop. He was going to come by so we could talk to my dad about it. I know Vic is friends with Henry but he was probably the most tolerable... Still a dick though don't get me wrong.

Me: Yea just let me get home first and I'll let you know when to come

by.

Finally making it home I took a shower to get the sweat off my body and got dressed in a t-shirt and a pair of Capri yoga pants. After I shot Vic a text to tell him to come on over, while waiting I decided to make something to eat probably get started on dinner. Going in the kitchen and rummaging around a bit I decided on fried potatoes and onions with some mixed vegetables.

Before I got started I connected my phone to my speaker and put my music on shuffle. I personally believe I had a taste for all music that wasn't blues from k-pop to my everyday trap music, even music from old musicals and random YouTubers that I liked. Not too long into cooking I hear a knock at the door, I wipe my hands on a dish towel and make my way to the door. Opening the door I'm not pleased with the sight ahead of me.

Victor stood on my front porch looking rightfully ashamed as his group of bitch ass friends stood behinds... Fucking great.

2. Chapter 2

Authors note: I own no thing. Except certain characters.

Chapter two

I glared at the four boys in front of me. "Vic... You brought company... How nice." I gripe sarcastically. He looks down at the ground suddenly becoming interested in his shoes as I moved to the side to let him in, as he moves past me I move back in front of the door as Henry and the others try to move past.

"And can I ask what the hell you three are doing here?" I ask, half expecting some asshole comeback from Henry but instead its Patrick that steps up. And as usual he is making me so fucking uncomfortable with that weird ass smile and long as fuck limbs. "We just wanted to know where our friend was trying to sneak off to, never thought he would end up here." Patrick says before moving my body from the door way so he and the other two could come inside. Glaring at their backs I sarcastically say "Sure guys come right on in." Slamming the door closed I go back into the kitchen to take the frying potatoes from the stove.

I stay in to cool down for a few minutes before going back out to find Vic on the couch and his friends spread around my living room, Belch sitting next to Vic, Patrick looking at Pictures in my grandmother's china closet, which also had her crystals, bags of black salt and other things... I would have to check over that to make sure nothing goes missing. Finally Henry was sitting comfortably in my dad's chair. It turns out that I was staring too long as Patrick was now looking at me. "See something you like girly?" he asked with a smug smile on his face.

Turning my eyes back to him I mean mug him, "No bitch I was wondering who the fuck let you dress yourself. That shirt ugly as fuck." I snap back at him getting a slight chuckle out of Belch and Victor, Henry was still fairly quiet picking his nails. Just as he went to retort I turn to Vic. "Would you like something to eat, I just got finished making dinner." I asked. "Uh sure." Vic said looking more than uncomfortable with our current situation.

In the kitchen I grabbed a plate for Vic and myself and behind me a felt a presence, it was Patrick. Placing the plates down on the counter I look at him with a dull expression. "Can I help you?" I asked trying not to let on to how uncomfortable I actually was. He shoved my back causing the counter to dig into my lower back as he moved in closer and held my face in one long slender hand.

"You have a lot of fucking nerve you little bitch. I don't take to kindly to people mouthing off to me." he snarled in my face. "You forget we're in my house and it won't take my daddy or my grandmama much time to get here so you might want to back the fuck up." I bit back trying to glare in defiance, which wasn't working with my squished face.

Patrick looked more amused, "I could have a little fun with you until than." he says pervishly moving his face in even taking a large sniff as his face was buried in my neck.

"Alright Hockstetter that's enough. Let's get out of here." a voice came from the door way. Patrick turned from me to look over his shoulder and there stood Henry. Feeling the tension in the way they stared at each other I didn't move. Patrick wasn't one to listen to others and Henry was someone who didn't like to be disobeyed.

Huffing out a laugh Patrick let me go before walking towards the exit of the kitchen, but not completely leaving before tossing me one last look and licking his lips. Fucking gross...but also kinda hot... wait what no. Henry stood there a second longer "We'll be seeing you around later bitch." He says before leaving out with Belch and Patrick.

Shaking myself back into the right mindset I get Vic food, not feeling all that hungry anymore. Immediately he tries to apologize, "Eden I am so sorry I tried to tell them I was busy but they just followed me." He ranted but I just waved him off. "It's fine." was all I said before giving him the plate. He pushed the food around on his plate and took a few bites here and there.

The door opened breaking the slightly awkward silence and in walked my grandmother Vivian and my baby sister Alana, behind them I see my dad come through the door looking slightly tired.

Hopefully he was still up for this talk.

"Hey nana, hey daddy." I greet as I stand to take my grandmother's bag and help Alana out of her light jacket. Giving my dad a hug I pull him to the living room where Vic was still sitting. "Dad you remember Victor." I say as Victor stands to shake hands with my dad. "I do. Good to see you again Vic." My dad said with a kind smile on his face. "You too sir. I don't mean to be a bother today but I was wondering if I could be any help at your shop this summer." Vic jumps straight to the point. My dad looked thoughtful before looking to me, silently asking for my opinion. "I mean I could personally use the help. I think we both could." I shrug.

Dad gives another thoughtful look and Vic seems to be holding his breath. My dad finally grinned and nodding shaking Vic's hand again. "Well Vic Welcome to the company. Just make sure to be there early tomorrow morning around 8:00 so we can start training. The shifts won't be that long, I know it's summer so I want you kids to have time to enjoy yourself." Dad says. Smiling I turn to Vic who looks relieved. "Thank you sir, I really appreciate this." He says.

Saying his goodbyes to my family I walked Vic to the front porch. "Eden thank you so much I really need this job." He says as he pulls me into a tight hug. "Um yeah no problem." I say awkwardly. He still held on. Seeming to realize this he pulls back and puts some space between us. "Uh yea so I'll see you tomorrow morning." He says rubbing the back of his neck. I nod and he walks off the porch and walks down the street. I watch after him until he's out of view, turning my eyes to the rest of the street I look to the surrounding trees feeling as if something is watching me. Looking up I thought I saw a something yellow and glowing through the under brush of the the tree, blinking once it disappears, shrugging it off I move back into the house and lock the door.

Unknown to me this summer was going to be wild.

3. Chapter 3

The next day started off pretty decent, I got ready for work, and we all sat down to breakfast. "So you ready to be working with your little friend?" Dad teased as he took a bite of his eggs. Internally rolling my eyes I looked at him, "Vic isn't really a friend he's just a classmate that I'm helping out." I say. "Edie got a boyfriend Edie got a boyfriend." Alana tried to tease but I just shook my head. There was more idle chatter before we all finished eating and before I knew it me and dad had left for the shop.

My dad owned a flower shop, I mean he didn't grow just flowers, we also grew fruits and vegetables. Standing around as he unlocked the door I saw a balloon float by across the street, I scrunched my brow in confusion. It wasn't floating up and away but more in a straight line. Weird. I turned away as my dad opened the door and stepped inside.

It didn't take Vic much longer to get there, even showing up early. "Victor it's good to see you." My dad greeted from behind the counter. "Hey Mr. Richards." was Vic's simple reply. We started our work day with each of us rotating from behind the register, and me and Vic hauling bags of fertilizer. It was hot and I realized that it probably wasn't my best idea to wear skinny jeans. "Keep working like this Vic and you could work here through the school year." I heard my dad say from the back of the store. It had only been about 4 hours but I guess Vic was a really dedicated worker.

I was at the register again when I heard the front door open and in walked Maria Hockstetter with little baby Avery. "Hey Mrs. Hockstetter." I greet with a smile, I met Mrs. Hockstetter through her husband after she had given birth and he came to the shop and got her a bouquet to take her. After a while I even started to babysit. "Eden dear it's so good to see you, I wanted to ask you something." She says as she walks up to the counter. I give her a nod to go ahead. "I was wondering if you could watch Avery while me and Eli went out of town for the weekend." She says. I think about it for a minute before deciding on my answer. "Sure thing Mrs. H." I say.

"Oh thank you so much Eden, I think Patrick had plans to go out this

weekend so it should just be the two of you." She says looking nervous. Something I learned about the Hockstetters is that they didn't trust their oldest son one but when it came to the new born. I mean I couldn't blame them Patrick seemed out of sorts.

A short talk and two hours later me and Vic were off work. Stepping out o the shop I see Belch waiting out front in his mustang. "Hey Eden." He says politely. "Hey Reggie." I reply, I refuse to call dude Belch out loud. Walking down the street I see Bill, Richie, Eddie and Stan riding through the streets on their bikes. "Guys!" I call out after them catching the attention of Richie.

"So we ready or the barrens." I ask after I catch up to them. "No, we're going to the sewers." Eddie said with obvious distaste in his voice. "Um why?" I ask not sure if I wanted to go on this adventure of there's. "I-it seemed like a better place to start our search." Bill stuttered. I gave an unsure nod. "Alright. Mind if I ride with one of you guys." I asked. Richie grins. "Sure if you don't mid riding bitch." He says. I roll my eyes and give him a light shove. "Don't be a fuck ass Richie." Was all I said before hopping on the back of Stan's bike.

4. So its ripsonI misheard Im stupid

Author note: Yea I know Avery and Patrick aren't that far apart in age and that he's dead but it works for me to bring my story together. We're about to get more into Eden's character because I haven't really given her back story or what she's like as a whole so hopefully we'll get more into that in this chapter.

And another thing thank you to my first followers I really appreciate ya'll. Now on wards.

Chapter four

Standing outside of the sewers with Eddie and Stan as Richie and Bill were looking around the inside. I was standing on a rock so I wouldn't get shit on my shoes... In a very literal sense. "Do you know how unsanitary this is, like have you have ever heard of a staff infection?" Eddie demands as he watches Richie sniff a random branch after dipping it in the water. "Richie what the fuck?" I yelled. "It's not that bad, still smells better than Eddie's mom's underwear." Richie teases. I scrunch my face in disgust, "One leave his mom out of this, two why the fuck are you sniffing people underwear." I ask, Richie shrugs at me,

"I mean hey can you really talk you were the one with your face shoved in some girls twat this year." Richie says with a hint of jealousy. The others look at me as I look away in mild discomfort... Some people knew about my shenanigans, others not so much. "Whoa what?!" Eddie exclaimed. "Look it was that one... maybe more times, but hey it was all in good fun." I say, "Look I'm not talking about my sex life with a bunch of freshmen." I say waving them off.

Stan looked like he had something to say before Bill called out to us. "Guys." We turn to look at him as he's holding up a soaking shoe. "Is that?" Stan goes to ask looking slightly worried. "No Georgie was wearing rain boots." Bill explained. Richie goes to Bill and shines the light on the inside of the shoe. "It's Betty Ripkens." Bill say. We stared in shock and before I knew it hell broke loose between the guys Eddie and Stan wanted to leave and give up on the Georgie search all together. I mean I personally don't blame Bill for wanting to find his

brother, if it had been Alana I would kill to find her, I would do anything for my little sister. There isn't much I haven't done already.

As I go to tell Bill I would stick with him I hear a loud splash from behind me. Whipping around we see the new kid Ben bruised and bleeding. "What the fuck." Eddie screeched. I hopped off of my rock and made my way over to him. "What the fuck happened?" I ask taking his face in my hand and turning it this way and that to examine his bruises. "H- Henry, and his group." he stammers out. I narrow my eyes and look the way he had come. "They still after you?" I ask him and he nods. I pull him up and walk him over to the guys. "You take him and get him patched up." I reach into my bra and hand them what ever money I had, Stan taking it with a blush on his face.

"I'm going to stay behind and slow them down. Make sure you get him somewhere safe." I order them. They reluctantly ride off leaving me a flash light as a source of defense. I look back as I hear footsteps start to weigh through the water. They were coming. I walked into the sewer hole going deep into the tunnels and hide as I see a tall and lanky figure move into my line of vision. Patrick fucking Hockstetter. I wait to see if anyone would follow behind but it seemed like no one was with him, hopefully this meant that this wouldn't be to hard. "Where are you tits? I know you're here." I hear him tease and peak around the corner just in time to see him use a bootleg flamethrower. I squeal slightly and duck behind my hiding spot.

I hear him start to make his way towards me and tense. "You can't stay here all day tits, come on out and take your beating." He says getting closer. Before I know it he's coming around the corner and I grab him and slam him against the wall that I had just been using as my hiding spot. I hear the can he was holding fall into the water. I look up and he stared at me in shock and before I knew it I bolted deeper into the tunnels... Like a dinky motherfucker. Keeping track of the way I went I stopped after running out of breath. Jesus fucking christ, I look around it was mildly quiet but I could still hear the water sloshing around.

"Eden." a whispery voice calls out. I don't really want to know who was it that called out to me but I flick on the flashlight and start to look around, but there was no one here. "What the fuck." I say aloud.

Getting a creeping feeling I start to back up the way I came. As I go to turn I walk right into a chest, freaking out I scream and push away from whoever. Looking up in a panic I see Patrick glaring down at me. "So is it just you down here or have you seen that fat fuck running around." He demand. I back away and begin to look away still feeling put off by the aura the sewer was giving me.

"It's just me, now lets get out of here." I say trying to get around him. "Not so fast." He says putting his large hand on my chest and pushing me back. "No Patrick I'm fucking serious there's something down here." I say pushing him away from me really starting to feel panicked. He goes to say something but a noise cuts him short. "Patrick. Eden." A voice whispers from behind me making me tense. Patrick move me out of the way smirking. "That you tits?" he grins taking the flash light and turning it on the shadowy figure.

Standing there was a decomposing Betty Ripkens, along with a bunch of other kids. "What the fuck?!" Patrick screams. They come toward us and me and Patrick start to beat feet. We run back through the tunnels and try to find our way out. He quickly makes his way past me and just as I thought he was going to leave me he starts to make a wrong turn. I quickly grab him by the back of his shirt and push him back in front of me, feet not stopping.

After what feels like ages I see the light of the exit. We hop out and Patrick keeps going but I stop to look back at the tunnel, and there I see it. A tall figure standing still in the tunnels eyes shining yellow and looking at me hungrily. "Richards bring your ass!" Patrick yells pulling me from my staring contest. I quickly turn tail and run after Patrick. What the fuck was going on here.

5. Chapter 5

Author note: Hopefully this is a good story, also sorry I've been gone. And another thing is I got Betty's last name wrong and I feel stupid.

Chapter Five

Patrick and I had ran until we had run into Vic and the others. I stumbled to a stop falling to my knees, my chest felt like it was being crushed. It was getting hard to breathe. As I was pulling in breath I felt my body start to shake with sobs. Those kids were dead... and whatever or whoever was in those sewers was responsible.

I feel a hand pull me up and I see Vic standing in front of me eyes shining with concern. "What the fuck is going on what's wrong with you two?" He asked. I shake my head not knowing what to say. "The kids, the missing kids we found them... they found us?" I hear Patrick say he's breathing sounding better than mine and he was surprisingly sounding less panic than I would expect someone to be in this situation. "What the fuck are you talking about?" Henry demands looking even more confused.

Patrick went on to explain what had happened, how he was chasing Ben and ended up finding me, and then us being found by the decomposing kids. I had finally stopped crying and just sat in silence. That thing or guy was snatching kids and from the looks of it more than what I had previously thought.

Standing up I begin to move away from the Bowers gang, making my way home. "Eden where are you going?" Vic calls after me. "I'm going home... I need time to think." I say also thinking about how I felt as though I should talk to my grandmother. She was high key into this supernatural stuff, and if zombie kids don't qualify as supernatural I don't know what does. "Don't you want a ride?" Reggie called out to me. I stop and begin to think, I nod to them and we make our way out of the woods and to Reggie's Mustang. Vic helps sit me in the back and takes a seat on my right as Patrick sits to my left.

He looked exhausted, as he leaned his head against the back of his seat. It was weird seeing him so relaxed but I didn't think much on it

as exhaustion took over my body, all adrenaline gone from my system. "You okay?" I heard from my right, I turn my neck to look at Vic. I just nod and look down at my lap. "You guys are fucking crazy if you think I'm going to believe you found a bunch of zombie kids, fucking bullshit. Maybe you should get back on the meds Hockstetter." Henry called from the front seat. I say nothing and Patrick just tosses his friend a glare. Maybe we were crazy, maybe we hallucinated the entire thing, the fumes of the sewers getting to us.

I just stay quiet for the rest of the ride, before long Reggie pulled in front of my house and I waited for Vic to move before I was able to climb out. I gave them a silent wave as I make my way to my front door. When inside I see that no one was home yet so I make my way upstairs and strip down, quickly stepping into the shower.. The water falling down my body, running over the old scars on my legs and washing away the smell of sewer... I was going to have to throw away my shoes. I know that seems like a really shallow thought but anything helps to take my mind off today. Maybe I could call Bill or Stan to check on Ben.

After a while I went to sit in the living room to wait for Gma. I pulled my phone from my pocket and before I message Bill my phone starts to ring. Looking at the caller ID I knew it was Richie. As I answer and place the phone to my ear I don't get a chance to say anything as Richie starts spitting off at the mouth. "Where the fuck are you, did you die, why didn't you meet up with us." He demanded rapidly and not gonna lie it took my brain a second to process everything. "Yo calm down I'm good." I said even though in reality I wasn't feeling good at all. "I just got home, no big deal." As I say this I hear the front door open and my grandmother's voice call out. "Hey I have to go, I'll talk to you all later." I didn't wait for a response before hanging up. Getting up from the couch I walk to meet my Nana in the hallway. She looks up from putting her coat in the closet and a sweet smile flashes across her pretty chocolate face, "Hey baby, it's good to see you made it back safe." she says. "Nana I need to ask you something." I say nervously. This conversation could go so many ways but in the end I was afraid my grandmother would think I'm crazy.

She raises her brow at my nervous tone as she closes the closet door. "Alright, lead the way." She points in the direction of the living room.

Getting there we sit on the sofa and I slowly start bouncing my leg. She's looking at me weird now, "Is this about a boy?" She asked out of the blue making me stop my leg bounce and stare at her for just a second. "Wha- nana no... I..." I kept breaking off. "Nana you believe in supernatural things right?" I blurt, and just for a second I see her tense. Had I said the wrong thing? She sits up a little straighter.

"Why do you ask?" She answers my question with a question. "Nana I was out with the guys today... And we were down by the sewers... Nana I saw something. I saw all those children and they weren't alive nana they were dead for sure. Decomposing and all, but something was there with them nana, and I don't think that was the first time I saw it." I explain. At this point she shows no emotion.

"Eden... Our family, we're... different than others at least some of us are. We are a magical people." She says. "I'm sorry what." This was not where I thought this conversation was going. I wanted to tell her there was no such thing as magic but after today, I don't think I could argue what was real and what wasn't. "What do you mean magical?" I question. She smiles again and grabs my hand, pulling me from the couch we go upstairs and make our way to her room.

Getting inside we close the door. Nana make her way to the old trunk at the foot of her bed. As she rummages around inside I looked around her room, there were a lot of old wooden carvings of cats and other animals, along with old mask and many many candles. After a while she comes out of the trunk with what look likes an old leather book that was sewn together. She takes a seat on her bed and waves me over.

"Eden this is our family's book of shadows, each magical generation passes it to the next, and since the magic has skipped your father I pass it to you." She says as she hands me the book. "Why me?" I asked, this was all happening a little fast. Granny smiled at me "I've known for a long time that you would be the next to take this book, your father may be my son but he was never one to believe in magic, at least not like me. You will take this book and you will study it." She says pushing the book into my hands.

I quickly push it back, "How am I supposed to study this, where do I start..." I ask rapidly before nana puts her hand over my mouth to get

me to shut up. "Don't worry I'll help you in your free time but for now I want you to go to your room and read the first few pages. It should help you get a better understanding. It was written by my great great grandmother Juniper, She was one of the first magical beings in our family." Nana says. After a while I take back the book. "Now go get rest, I'll tell your father you'll be staying home with me." She said waving me from her bed and from her room.

After entering my own room I look down at the large book in my hands, this was how I was going to take care of that thing in the sewers... If this thing was snatching kids, it may have even taken Bill's brother Georgie... What would stop him from going after my sister... Before we had come to live with dad I had always seen Alana as my responsibility, if Nana was going to teach me this witchy shit then I would use it to protect my sister, even my friends and the rest of the kids in town.

From here on out things weren't going to get any easier.

6. Chapter 6

I was just going to start posting multiple chapters at once but I just wanted to upload this to hold you guys over... Chapter Seven should come at some point soon, also I'm trash, I almost started to write a Hamilton fanfic while still writing this one.

Chapter six

A few days had gone by and Nana had been helping me with my witch studies, all the while I had been still working at the shop with Vic and my dad. Vic said Patrick had shaken off whatever happened in the sewers and went back to acting how he usually did. His simple explanation being that none of it was real.

Granny had helped me learn protection and warding spells which she says should help keep my target safe. My first spell was used on Alana since I wasn't always with her, I was always out and she was at a daycare. I didn't know how strong this thing was but I wanted my sister to be safe. The spell had taken so much energy I think I was out the whole day, so I told my dad I was going through my womanly period, which sent him the other way real fast.

Since then I haven't really worked on any spells, just potions and stuff like that. It actually helped that my dad worked with plants and stuff he usually had what we needed. But when he didn't I would head down to the woods to see what I could find.

But today was my work and witch study free day, although I didn't have to work at the shop I knew I was going to be busy this weekend. I was going to be babysitting little Avery Hockstetter. It made me feel better when Misses Hockstetter confirmed that Patrick would be gone for the weekend.

Sitting in my room I here a knock at my door and call for them to open in. Looking up I see Alana, I smile at her. "What up sis?" I ask as I set my phone down. She looks looked meekly at me before shutting the door behind her and making her way to my bed and sitting next to me. "Eden, do you ever miss mommy?" She asked as she leaned against me. Her question caused me to tense up. "Why would you ask

that Alana?" I question not trying to sound angry at her.

"I know mommy did some bad things but just because people do bad things doesn't make them bad... does it..." She says sounding uncertain. I sigh as I put my arm around her, I don't blame Alana for missing our mother but there are things that happened that I don't know how to explain to my sister. I couldn't explain. "Lani, I won't tell you how you should feel but mama was doing some bad things and I want you to know that the things she was doing would've gotten to us... you eventually, but that's why we live with dad now." I try to explain. Alana was quiet but nodded after a while. "I think I get it." She says but I don't really know if she did.

"Do you think daddy will let me call her this summer?" She asked glancing at me. Sighing I answer the best I could "You could try." was all I said. She nodded again. "Do you think we could hangout sometime this summer... You've been busy so far but I wanna have a day where it's just you and me, like it used to be." She says and it makes me realize that I may have been neglecting my sister since we moved here. So I nod telling her that one day soon that I would be able to take her out for a day, maybe go to a movie and get ice cream.

Few Hours later

"There are already some pre-made bottles in the freezer and fridge, and some formula in case you run out, The diapers and wipes are up in the nursery and if you think you'll need anything you have my number and can call at anytime." Mrs. Hockstetter ranted as she and her husband stood at the door ready to leave, I smiled at them as I held Avery and waved them goodbye as they walked down the driveway and then drove off.

Shutting the door I look down at Avery who was looking everywhere and babbling, it was so cute. "Hi Avey boo, you ready for a fun weekend without your mean old big brother." I playfully ask and snicker as I make my way up to the guest room that the Hockstetter's had set up for me. "You wait right here." I tell Avery as I sit him down on the bed with his support pillow behind him. I go about setting up a ward on the window and quickly put one in Avery's nursery, not taking any chances.

"All done little. What do you want to do for the rest of the day?" I ask Avery as I walk back in the room not expecting an answer of course. I pick up one of the many toys and get his attention and he starts laughing and it is adorable.

The rest of the day was spent feeding, changing, and playing. Let's not forget the crying even though there wasn't much. But now he was down for the count and I was about to shower and relax for a bit. Stepping into my room I got all off my toiletries together and stripped down. Once in the shower I let the hot water run down my body and began to wash.

As my shower continued I thought I heard a voice call from downstairs. "What the fuck?" I asked stepping out of the shower. I put on the robe Mrs. Hockstetter had left for me and made my way into the hallway. Hearing things being moved downstairs I cautiously make my way down the steps and through the narrow hall, I stop to listen more as I can now here noises coming from the kitchen. I breath deeply sneaking into the living room and grabbing a table lamp... I needed some form of defense, and if anything I'll pay the Hockstetter's back... If I live that is...

I still make my way to the kitchen hoping to not be heard as I come to the entry way, only to see who ever it was raiding the fridge... Did a homeless guy break into their house? My brain is working double as I look at the figure from behind. They were really skinny with very long legs... and pants that were tucked into a very familiar pair of boots... Mother of all fucks...

"Patrick." I said causing him to jump and hit himself of the fridge as he went to stand to his full height. The fucker looked at me confused. "What the fuck are you doing in my house? And where the fuck are your clothes?" He demanded though the last question made me mildly uncomfortable as he looked at my barely covered body. "Well if you must know I'm babysitting for your parents." I huff setting the lamp down on a counter as I step into the kitchen.

He narrowed his dark eyes at me, "They said they were getting that little shit a babysitter, didn't expect you." He said nonchalantly. I glare at him, Avery was a literal infant so I don't understand why Patrick's being a dick. "He's a baby asshole, you don't have to talk

about him like that." I defend. He rolled his eyes and started walking towards me.

I watch him not to worried about him, he may be bigger in height but I think my extra weight could put him down, or magic I could always try magic. He was now standing in front of me probably trying to stare me down, but I stared right back. "You seem real comfortable in MY house." he says never once breaking eye contact, not even to blink, which was kind creepy. "Yeah, just doing what your parents suggested, I mean it was just supposed to just be me and Avery this weekend." I say casually. He sneers as I mention his brother.

"Why didn't they just take the brat with him." He demands, Again I can only roll my eyes, "It's a break for them, probably not away from Avery, as you know they have this other bad ass kid who doesn't seem to have any common sense." I verbally jab. He goes to move closer but I just try to brush it off as I move around him, "You know what bitch, you're not going to disrespect me in my own house." He snapped grabbing my arm to pull me back.

I whip around and glare who the fuck did this boy think he was, just as I went to give this bitch the clap back of a lifetime I heard the tell tale sounds of an angry infant. Avery was awake and he was still my responsibility, no matter how much I wanted to stand here and beat the dog shit outta his brother.